

TELESCOPE

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The forced physical separation of a man from his wife by imprisonment is an unhealthy denial of a basic human right — the right to love and be loved. CONJUGAL VISITS begins on page four.

"THE K.P. TELESCOPE IS PUBLISHED TO PROVIDE THE INMATES WITH A MEDIUM OF CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND COMMUNICATION, IN ORDER TO CULTIVATE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD."

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Department of Justice

Penitentiary Service

Commissioner of Penitentiaries

A.J. MacLeod Q.C.

D. M. McLean—Warden

A. J. Jarvis—Deputy Warden

D.J. Reason—Supervisor of Services

Telescope Liaison Officer

Feature Writers

Kathy Vandal

Mary Lloyd

Jaquie Branton

ART by Cayuga

Editorial Board

Neil Hicks

T. Cunningham

E. Chalmers

Print Shop Instructor

L. D. Cook

Assistant Instructors

A. A. Slack & F. Revell

Printing Staff

Compositor

Jim Beland

Pressmen

Dave Wyse

Art A.

John Bell

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MARCH CENSUS

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Editorials

PAROLE & THE LIFER

A recent Telescope editorial suggested that a man with a life sentence could not gain as men with definite sentences do from the Royal Amnesty granted in honor of a reigning monarch's visit to Canada. The custom is to grant one month amnesty per year of sentence. But since the man serving life has no definite sentence to compute his hope must lie in parole.

Mr. T. George Street, Chairman of the National Parole Board, has forwarded the following by way of Regional Representative C. A. M. Edwards for clarification of the Board's position regarding lifers.

Dear Sir:

Under the Remission Service, the rule as to eligibility on a life sentence was 15 years, whether it was a commuted life sentence or an ordinary life sentence. It is true that there were many exceptions to this rule, but this was the usual practice.

Our present regulations provide for ten years on a commuted life sentence, and seven years on an ordinary life sentence. The minimum time for eligibility, therefore, has been reduced by five years and eight years respectively.

Our rules as to ten years and seven years are also flexible. But I think that the inmates will agree that these rules are fairly generous and for a man to only have to serve seven years on a life sentence, before becoming eligible for parole, is as much as anyone could reasonably expect. When these regulations were made, we had in mind the Proclamation with respect to the Royal Amnesty. Amnesty time was provided for, and much more besides.

As you can see, the best a life prisoner could expect from the Amnesty was 15 months off 15 years, and he has been given this plus $3\frac{1}{2}$ years besides. The prisoner serving an ordinary life sentence has been given this and $6\frac{1}{2}$ years besides.

This, of course, only applies to those prisoners who are found to be suitable for parole as set out in section 5 of the Royal Proclamation dealing with the Amnesty. If a prisoner was not considered safe to release on parole, he would not be released no matter how many amnesties there had been.

T. G. Street,
Ottawa.

HALF-TIME HARRY

Half-time Harry is the inmate in the middle, so to speak. He is the man who has seldom, if ever, had his particular problem mulled over by the time experts or had it aired in learned articles on prisons and penology.

There have been many words expended on the man at the front end of a sentence, tracing with care and clinical objectivity the probable state of his mind as he hears the great North Gate close thunderingly behind him.

And there have been countless pamphlets, articles and official reports detailing the problems of the short-timer, the man riding the tag end of a sentence. A great deal has been said and written about 'short-time fever' — a peculiar malady which often causes its victim to imagine that minutes are hours, hours days, and days weeks. It also causes the inflicted person to consider impulsive, fantastic schemes to shorten his remaining time even more by pole-vaulting over the wall or disguising himself as a manilla envelope in order to get himself stamped and mailed away.

Why is it then that Half-time Harry, that patient, plodding inhabitant of the grim-and-gray, has never been considered a fit subject of learned discussion? Presumably there is something uninteresting about a man mired in the middle of his bit. There must be something unglamorous about the man who has not just entered upon the expiation of his iniquity or is not just about to complete it. There can be no other reason for the long, cold silence.

Perhaps an investigation might prove that Half-time Harry is not uninteresting at all. It might very well prove him to be just the opposite. Certainly he is a man with a particular problem. He is in a rather excruciating position in that he can look back on a dull vista of imprisonment without the compensating factor of being able to look forward to imminent release. He is like a man who has progressed half-way down a long, cheerless corridor. A glance over his shoulder presents that same unpromising aspect as an anxious peering ahead. Which ever way he looks he is beset by Time. There is no egress, no window through which he can anticipate the light of freedom.

True, he has reached the half-way mark. If he is prone to optimism he may tell himself that half his sentence is behind him, and heave a sigh of thanksgiving. But if he is prone to pessimism — and prison fashions more pessimists than it does optimists — he will tell himself that he still has half his sentence to serve.

Which ever way he views it, the fact that he is in the middle is unescapable to him. He has reached a point where he must take a figurative hitch in his belt and head for home, cutting down the distance to his goal with patience and determination.

Half-time Harry is indeed the unsung hero of incarceration. He is the man who has come a considerable way over rough ground but still has a considerable way to go.

CONJUGAL VISITS

T. Cunningham

INTO THE VACUUM of darkness that is prison, only one shaft of light ever penetrates — the visit. Every man who has a wife and can look forward to seeing her has something to live for—a purpose. Though a screen may separate him from her, that thirty minutes of empathy gives meaning to life. Only after she has gone does the frustration take hold of him, racking his mind and body with need. This is the inadequacy of visits in prison. The answer is apparent, but ignored.

The northern infant, Alaska, recently became the second state in the U.S.A. to approve conjugal visits. A bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of twelve to seven to permit prisoners to have overnight visits with their wives. It would appear that, although Alaska is the youngest state in the union, it is certainly one of the more progressive in penology.

The Georgia State penal magazine, *The Spokesman*, reports the stipulations of the bill to be:

Spouses of prisoners with good behaviour records will be permitted to make twenty-four-hour visits every three weeks.

The privilege will be limited to prisoners married longer than six weeks.

Senator George McNabb, the man who was instrumental in making conjugal visits possible for prisoners in the state of Alaska, said:

"These visits will help hold families together and also be an incentive toward good behaviour."

Canadian prisoners know very little of Senator McNabb, or what he stands for in the way of government. But his views on this subject, a subject which is close to prison inmates all over Canada, can only be described as enlightening. There is no doubt that Senator McNabb's proposal met with opposition. In fact, the seven dissenting votes indicate that it did. In spite of the opposition, he went ahead and eventually won. For progressive thinking, Senator McNabb deserves and gets a vote of thanks from his second-class neighbors, the inmates of Canadian prisons.

Alaska was the second state in the Union to approve conjugal visits. The first was Mississippi. Jim McMannus, of *The Spokesman*, wrote Warden Fred Jones of Mississippi State Penitentiary requesting information on visiting privileges. Mr. Jones responded and the letter was published in *The Spokesman*. It read in part:

"We feel that these visits are good for the prisoners as well as the prison. In the first place, it cuts down on sex perversion and acts of homosexuality. Secondly, it helps to keep families together. I believe a man has a better chance in making good when he is released if he still has his family intact. Of course, the program keeps morale high.

"Wives are permitted to visit every Sunday afternoon between one and three, except on the third Sunday, at which time they are permitted to visit between one and five. Unless a prisoner is being punished and is confined in our Maximum Security Unit, he is permitted to see his wife privately on any visiting day — no matter how good or bad a prisoner he is."

Mr. Jones has indicated that he is in favor of conjugal visits and recommends them as a solution to a two-fold problem, moral and disciplinary. Both of these are concerned with running a quiet prison. But aside from the purely personal advantage of a quiet prison, Mr. Jones expressed the thought that visits keep families together. That a man has a better chance of adjusting after he is released if his family is intact is indisputable.

Adjusting to the society that banished him is a difficult task for a man released from prison. The affection and support of a wife and the responsibility he feels to his children can make the task less difficult. No woman can be expected to endure a life devoid of physical love for a number of years because her man is in prison. Her needs are as great as his and they cannot be satisfied through a glass-and-mesh partition. The communication must be more than spiritual, as has been borne out by the many broken marriages caused by imprisonment. If judges and magistrates understood that when they sentence a man to prison, they are also sentencing his wife and family, conjugal visits in Canada would be more likely to gain their support.

In the United States, the second United Nations Congress on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment of Offenders advised the study of conjugal visits. Under section 111, pages 103, 104 and 105-14, they advise:

"The establishment of maintenance of satisfactory relations with the members of his family and with persons who may be able to help him should be supported. The advisability of permitting conjugal visits for prisoners should be carefully studied."

One of the major objections to conjugal visits would be, "give them visits with their wives and you take the punishment out of prison." This of course is not a valid objection because punishment is different things to different men. If being deprived of the

physical love of his wife is punishment to one man, it would not have the same significance to a homosexual. Give a man visits with his wife and the barrier becomes his prison and punishment. Take the barrier down and his inability to buy Chinese food becomes his prison and punishment. Prison exists in the mind of the inmate and it will be punishment as long as it differs from the norm.

Richard L. Thomas, Toronto Daily Star's correspondent in Ireland, wrote an article on furloughs for the Star. It was published under the title "Christmas Parole Success In North Ireland." Furloughs are a step further than conjugal visits. A furlough allows a prisoner to spend some time in the atmosphere of his home. Mr. Thomas talked with a few of the fortunate men who had gone home for Christmas. He also talked with the authorities responsible for the temporary paroles and he had this to say about their success:

"So successful has been the scheme for Christmas leave from Belfast jail it has been extended to include reprieved murderers. Had you been a visitor to Northern Ireland on Christmas, you might have found yourself sitting next to a murderer who was still serving his sentence, but had not escaped and was not wanted by the police."

All that was required of the prisoners on leave was that they let the authorities know in advance where they planned to spend their leave, then they were left entirely on their own. Many were serving life sentences and were on leave without any supervision. The furloughs were extended over a three day period and the authorities had only the word of the prisoners that they would not escape. Of the honor leaves Mr. Thomas wrote:

"Prisoners were on holiday with full approval of the authorities. They had promised to return after three days and they did. In ten years of experiment which started with some trepidation no one has ever let the government down."

In most cases, the prisoners spent their leaves with their families. The reunion must have been a great emotional experience for the prisoners and their families. The planning must have been considerable. All the while the shadow of the prison must have loomed over them. But according to the reports of the prisoners, it did not interfere with the good time had by all. Mr. Thomas wrote of one prisoner who put his furlough to good use:

"One prisoner released for his Christmas holidays used the occasion to get married. He was James Mahony, sentenced to seven years in jail for the manslaughter of an R.A.F. officer. Mahony was a leading air-craftsman. He had served eighteen months of his sentence.

"Mahony travelled from Belfast to Londonderry to marry Eileen Duffy who promised to wait for him when he was sentenced at the Londonderry assizes. There were sixty guests at the wedding reception, not one policeman among them, and then the couple went away for a two-day honeymoon. On the third day, Mahony rang the bell of Belfast jail and announced he was back to carry on his sentence."

Because Ireland still retains some of its early customs, it is considered by some a backward country. Though the Irish themselves might argue the point strenuously, it might be. In penology, Ireland is certainly not backward as its furlough system will attest. While Canada is tentatively approaching screen-free visits, Ireland is allowing prisoners to spend time with their families in the normal home setting. In one case a man who had received a commutation on a death sentence was permitted to visit his family. Mr. Thomas interviewed him when he returned to the prison and the interview revealed that the prisoner, John Gonzalez, was sentenced to be hanged in 1954 for stabbing his nineteen year old wife to death. While under sentence of death, Gonzalez was allowed to attend his Mother's funeral. This

year he was allowed to go to London to spend the Christmas holidays with his sister and five year old daughter. He was released two days earlier than the other prisoners to allow for travelling time.

In four years of imprisonment, Gonzalez has been given eight furloughs. He has never failed to return of his own volition, and on time. He was one of the first to benefit by the summer parole program. Prison and government authorities in Ireland are pleased with the furlough system and are making even greater strides to rehabilitate prison inmates.



Conjugal visits seem a long way off in Canada, but a few attempts have been made to institute a furlough program. Wes, an inmate of Kingston Penitentiary, was given a seventy-two hour pass last Christmas and he spent his leave at home with his family. He made a parole shortly after his visit home and he is still adhering to the stipulations of his parole.

Another Kingston inmate, Luke, was given a three day furlough to visit his sister. He too made a parole shortly thereafter, which would indicate that rather than furloughs, these two men benefited from a form of gradual release.

In Canada, only the National Parole Board has the power to grant furloughs. Possibly it would be to the benefit of prison inmates if the wardens of prisons were given discretionary powers in the matter of visits and furloughs. The wardens, in conjunction with the classification departments, would be better able to recognize "good risks" and more likely to understand compassionate release.

In some cases furloughs are not possible but conjugal visits are. The wardens and classification departments who are close to the problem would be the best judges of this. One thing is certain, the visiting system in Canadian prisons is outdated as the rack, the whip and the iron boot. Society has abolished the rack, whip and boot because these methods of punishment are inhuman. Still, Canada retains as part of prison punishment, the denial of the inmates' human right to love.

M.P. Arnold Peters, speaking in the Commons, said:

"The present system of visits in our penitentiaries is archaic. Perhaps the day will come when wives will be allowed to spend several days with their husbands while they are serving their terms. Such a step would help keep families together and aid the inmates in rehabilitation upon release."

Mr. Peters is optimistic about conjugal visits, but prison inmates have ceased to be. Any time they sit across from their wives, a table and mesh screen separating them, they don't think about words like reformation and rehabilitation. They think about how nice it would be if they could just reach through the screen and hold her hand for a moment. In thirty short minutes she is gone and they find it hard to believe she has ever really been there. And some wonder if she will be back.

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P A R A S K E V I

Dear Foster Parents:

I was notified through the Welfare Center that you had the kindness to become my foster parents and I thank you very much. With this letter I will tell you a few things about myself and my home, and my village.

I am 12 years old and I have just finished the primary school and now help mother at home. I plan to go to high school since I have your help and have already started to study for the entrance exams. I live with my mother in a village which has about 80 families and the inhabitants of which do agriculture and some goat raising.

I have another 6 brothers and sisters, Spyridon, who is married, Konstantin who has just been released from the army and is planning to enter a school, Penelope, 22 years old who is a worker in Germany, Chryssavghi who tends our fields, Nicholas, 16 years old who tends our animals and Dimitrios 10 years old who attends the third grade of the primary school.

In order not to take any more of your time I will write more in my next letter. I received the \$8.00 and the \$5.00 for the purchase of Christmas food and I thank you very much and so does my whole family. I pray for your health. With much love, your foster daughter.

Paraskevi Kostavasili

Attention Foster Parents!

Paraskevi is a slim, shy little girl and what she did not reveal in her first letter is that her father died in 1960 from cancer after a long illness. Nor did she mention that the total income for her entire family amounts to no more than \$19.00 a month or 63 cents a day. She did not mention that want and fear are never very far away or that her 'house' has only two rooms, no ceiling and a dirt floor; that the furniture consists of a wooden bed, a trunk, a table, a little bedding, some clothing and kitchen utensils.

Sensitive, and with a fine, intelligent face, Paraskevi has always done well in the village school. There was not hope for her to attend the local high school (which is several miles away) until, suddenly, and to her complete surprise, she was 'adopted' by you. Without your help her family could not have afforded to send her away for further schooling for this would have meant finding a room for her in Arta and sending her food from home.

Paraskevi's fondest dream is someday to become a teacher. Her favourite subjects are: history and mathematics. She enjoys games but much of her free time is taken up with many chores around the house and on the land. She is extremely skillful with a needle and does fine embroidery work.

If there are among her foster parents men taking part in hobbycraft and who have something made, or can make something for her, there is little doubt that she would be surprised and delighted. She expects nothing and is far too well-brought-up ever to ask; but it is

quite certain that she owns very little of her own aside from her clothes and a few necessities.

Painters, leathercrafters, copperworkers and others — If you would care to make something for your foster daughter that would be useful to her or simply something to delight the eyes, such as a statuette or a painting of, say, a typical Canadian scene, please contact the hobbycraft office for details of packing and mailing.

A word of advice: Paraskevi is a child of the Greek Orthodox Church, which, although Christian, has its own dogma and its own observances. For this reason it would not be in good taste to send her any art work embodying Western Christian motifs. Aside from this there is an agreement in existence between the Foster Parent people and the various countries in which they operate to the effect that no religious proselytizing will be attempted. Gifts of a religious nature could be interpreted in such a light.

Paraskevi's letters will be published as they arrive from Greece at the rate of about one a month. Although there is a certain formality in her first one, this will pass as she becomes used to writing and, therefore, less shy.

It is to be hoped that all foster parents will interest themselves in the child's welfare as it is revealed to them in her letters. Be sure to read Paraskevi's letters as they appear from time to time in the *Telescope* for they are her words and meant especially for you, her 'dear foster parents'.

the truth about TRUTH

Wally Johnston

An earnest gentleman recently urged teenagers not to lie under any circumstances, and advised them how to break the habit if they had it. The liar should "resolve each morning on arising that for that one day he will not tell a single lie." This daily truth-telling practice will ultimately cure one of the habit of lying.

I'm not about to knock the formula. I never tried it myself. It just might be that if one wishes to stop lying altogether, one could manage it by making fresh resolutions each morning, for a time. The point I'm concerned with is the earnest gentleman's implied assumption that an arbitrary truth-telling habit is a good habit. From my personal experience and from what I've read on the subject, I have come to believe that such a habit is detrimental to both the possessor and his community.

Before I had quite reached my teens I was placed in the charge of ghost-fearing clan. The most fearful was the lady of the house. She believed a ghost lurked in every corner, hid behind every fence-post, rode every breeze. She had personally seen and heard many ghosts, who could, according to her, do many strange things. For one thing, they could come right through walls. Ghosts could do this because they were spiritual, *non-material*, and therefore not subject to the laws governing matter.

Shortly after going to reside with her I got a peek at an elementary physics book and learned, in effect, that sound is created by matter in rapid vibration, and that the only way light manifests itself for human beings is by reflecting from material objects and making them

visible. A few days later, while walking down a country road, thinking about these things, the thought suddenly flashed into my mind that if ghosts were spiritual, non-material as the madam had said, they could not vibrate to create sound, nor could they reflect light to make themselves visible. The thought was not coherently organized in my mind, but it was there. And sufficient it was for me to conclude that the lady had never actually seen any ghosts at all. I hastened to reveal my conclusion to her; whereupon she beat me over the head with a broom handle until I saw stars — non-material stars, of course. That was my penalty, I suppose, for not knowing anything about delusions, hallucinations, neurotic imaginations. Elementary physics doesn't cover these subjects.

A male member of the clan convinced me that it is not only unwise at times to tell the truth, but that it is also unwise at times to attempt to prove that what you say is true. The subject was the migration of sturgeon. I said they were coming up the river. He said they were not, that it was too early for them to be coming up the river. I said it was not too early; whereupon he clouted me on the ear for contradicting him. I said I had been down to the river and seen them; whereat he clouted me on the ear again, pointing out that I had had no business going near the river.

These experiences and others like them led me at an early age to conclude that it is not at all advisable to tell the truth at all times. Too many people have different opinions from you as to what constitutes the truth, and many

of them don't want to hear your version of it at all, no matter how much evidence you bring to bear. And if they have force on their side, and they quite often do have, you can acquire a cauliflower ear in a very short time. A universal truth-habit would definitely be to the advantage of the strong. The strong can tell truths that do not please the weak and get away with it, but the weak must let caution be the watchword.

From what I've read on the subject (and I just happen to have many relevant items still on file, hold-overs from the days when I was founder and president of our local Liars' Club) I know that many people of the past and present agree with me, that one should not always tell the truth. Francis Bacon, for instance, favoured the lie on occasion because, while the truth is often unpleasant, "the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure."

Arnold Bennett: "...the truth ought to be kept in a small bottle with a red label and marked caution and used only under the direst necessity."

H.L. Mencken: "For the habitual truth-teller and truth-seeker, indeed, the world has very little liking. He is always unpopular, and not unfrequently his unpopularity is so excessive that it endangers his life. Run your eye back over the list of martyrs, lay and clerical: nine-tenths of them, you will find, stood accused of nothing worse than honest efforts to find out and announce the truth."

We need not even consider a list. If we consider the monuments erected throughout the world to honour men of the past, we will find that a great many of them are monuments to people who were reviled, or exiled, or tortured, or put to death, for expounding their versions of the truth — versions which many members of following generations fought and died to defend!

The truths that hold institutions and societies together are the ones people have quibbled about most, and this

largely because these are created truths, not discovered truths. Many thinkers have cautioned that the grounds of these truths should not be questioned or examined too closely. Walter Bil, for example, columnist, wrote that, "A society, to be of any practical use at all, should in its day to day functioning make it increasingly simpler for its members to live by its myths and taboos." In other words, its created truths.

John Dewey voiced the same thought when he advised that one must be careful how he employs that tool best designed to examine or discover truths — the tool of analytical thinking. Wrote Dewey: "...if we once start thinking no one can guarantee where we shall come out, except that many objects, ends and institutions are doomed."

History shows us that many of the individuals who did the thinking were doomed before the objects, ends and institutions they thought about. Robert M. Hutchins, in the educational field for 35 years, contends that "A capacity to think, and still worse, the insistence on doing so... may be a positive handicap."

Many philosophers have thought that these truths of custom, or to give them their proper name "palatable untruths", should be permitted to evolve peacefully to other more socially serviceable untruths as the need for them arises. Other people have not been so patient or charitable. Gordon Sinclair, for example, has deplored the fact that "In schools, trusting children are taught what are known beyond doubt to be lies." And Dr. Barnett Savery, head of the Philosophy Dept. at the University of British Columbia, has expressed annoyance about the fact, as he sees it, that "our society is based on a tissue of lies."

It might be argued that while it is necessary for societies and major institutions to depend upon, shall we say, statements of non-fact, it is not

necessary for individuals to do so at inter-personal and inter-social levels. Such an argument would be fallacious; for it is at the inter-personal and inter-social levels that one has greatest need of the amenities: tact, good taste, tolerance, compassion. Conducting oneself according to these personal and social values often involves one in either implicit or explicit lying. Many an obvious brat is called a nice boy by the neighbour who is talking to the boy's father or mother.

And if your wife comes home with a new hat which she evidently likes very much but which you do not like at all, and she asks you for an opinion, surely you have the grace to assure her she has made a good selection, being aware as you are or ought to be that a good portion of the context that gave her purchase meaning was her wish to please you (and thereby to please herself further, of course). When you fail to tell her the truth, you are governing yourself by the commendable principle that her pleasure and happiness are more fundamental and of more value than would be a statement of factual truth concerning your particular likes and dislikes.

The basic precepts of a given profession can also require falsehoods on occasion. A doctor, for example, may have a patient suffering from an ailment which, in the doctor's judgment, the patient's will to live is a factor that will aid him. In this instance the doctor is obliged by the ethics of his profession to lie to his patient, if he thinks such a step necessary to invest his patient with the proper attitude. If, on the other hand, in the doctor's judgment the nature of his patient's ailment is such that detailed cooperation as to method is required for his recovery, the doctor will feel obliged to tell him the detailed truth.

In serving his more basic ideal, the preservation of life, the doctor uses truth and falsehood as tools, permitting neither to become his master. That is what most of us do at the inter-personal

and inter-social levels. It seems the only practical thing to do in the realm of human affairs. In any event, we cannot make an absolute of truth; for truth, like nature, has its rapid seasons. As the poet put it:

*Even truth decays, and lo,
From truth's sad ashes pain
and falsehood grow.*

No doubt there are those people who hope that one day human beings in general will have an opportunity to become truthful. But there are those people also who do not think it likely. William Saroyan, playwright and author, is one of them. Asked by *Look* magazine, January issue, 1962, to comment on the probable future of man over the next 25 years, he said: "In 25 years, I cannot see how anything at all concerning man on this earth can change for the better. It's a good idea to bear in mind that, where man is concerned, nothing really ever changes except the lies. We've kicked out some old ones, but we've sneaked in a slew of whopping new ones."

We'll be coping with and juggling these new ones for some time to come. I have, from time to time, cautiously cited and discussed some of the whoppers sneaked into circulation in recent years. And when I think it safe enough to do so I shall cite and discuss some more of them. Right now I must conclude this resume of the truth about the truth.

Some good advice — although by no means a perfect formula — is that Polonius (Shakespeare's *Hamlet*) gives his son when the boy is about to leave home:

*This above all: to thine own self
be true,
And it must follow, as the night
the day,
Thou canst not then be false to
any man.*

Even this precept will fail us at times, for we are not always sure which "self" we are, or ought to be.

Flotsam

and

Jetsam

By Jetsam & Flotsam

Faith and begorrah 'tis the month of Erin go braugh and we are verdant with envy over Miami's weather. During recent cold spell one of the funniest bits we've seen in many a moon was the intelligentsia forced out of the school-room by the frigid temperature. There they stood, books in arm asking, "So where do we go from here?" Tut, tut, ladies, genius thrives on hardship.

Televiewers showing avid interest during C.B.C.'s Concert Hour with Glen Gould. Different type of interest elicited by appearance of Yves Montand on the Dinah Shore Show. Or was it the Dinah Shore show? We only had eyes for the the Magnificent Montand. Jazz enthusiasts were given a treat when Parade showcased the nouveau Mr. and Mrs. Jazz, Ann Marie Moss and Jackie Paris. Oscar Peterson and group made the scene a few weeks later on same show. Also, Ernestine Anderson made one of her not-too-frequent appearances. In the realm of jazz, if you dig it, catch Sunday night concert from Montreal with Art Morrow's group. You'll find it on local station CKWS. Like dig baby, that's your crystal set we're talking about.

Expectant Experts Expound Embellished Eccentricities: The number of

systems brought forth by the computers of new remission act leaves us saying, 'Help, Mr. Einstein. It's beyond us.'

Recent visitor to our hallowed halls was Dr. Maurer, noted linguist affiliated with the University of Kentucky. He expounded some interesting theories both in person and on a T.V. panel with our psychologist, regarding the traits of communication indigenous to various sub-cultures.

Now that Francis Gary Powers has returned home do you think the movies will bring out the Powers Story, subtitled of course, 'The Sky Isn't High Enough'? On the subject of movies, The Barbarian and The Geisha clicked largely here a few weeks ago.

If we were bookmakers we'd take odds that Romeo Frank Sinatra may never make it down the aisle with his Juliet. If we're wrong we promise to eat our Wheaties quietly.

The Beat Aggregation were pacified by the showing of a portion of Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*, on a recent Q for Quest venture. Ultra-hip, ably directed and acted. Jules Feiffer's first attempt at playwriting was also done by Quest. *Crawling Around* was the title and if this man's brilliant humor is your cup of tea it was priceless to behold. Who says Canadian television isn't progressing?

Overheard with ear glued to key hole: "He's the type of guy that when he says yes, you have to check to make sure it's the affirmative."

The little heard of, but highly active Serenity Group of A.A. has proved to be an extremely interesting spot to spend, not an evening, but a Saturday afternoon. The undivided and enthusiastic attention shown by group sponsor Mrs. Kay Hopkins, is creditable indeed.

So endeth another month in the busy world of fettered females. Being the bas bleu that we are, we say, cui bono? This goes forth to linguists and literati everywhere...Cum grano salis!!



French-born, cultured, world-travelled, Florence La Fontaine Randall, Ph.D. I.A.I., has for many years been vitally interested in the welfare and rehabilitation of the imprisoned men and women.

Now an American citizen, proud of her family of four daughters, she pursues a busy schedule in the arts of writing, painting and music. She is a roving news correspondent as well.

In the following article, Florence Randall, who has long been a staunch supporter of Telescope, explores a subject that is more often side-stepped than faced by penologists. It is the subject closest of all to a prisoner's heart and is on his mind more than he cares to admit — his relationship with the woman in his life.

The Woman Who Waits

Perhaps there is no man separated from the free world who does not entertain some anxiety over the fidelity of his women, especially the one he chose to marry or make his mistress. He has little fear of losing his sisters or daughters; they are of his blood. But the woman attached to him by promises alone he doubts. Let us consider in detail those who are his soul-mates by choice.

While this applies to all men, regardless of state or station, it is addressed to prison inmates especially. Such men are not only troubled by more than the ordinary burdens of life, but are in a helpless — sometimes a hopeless position. The men in our prisons are vitally interested in what is happening to their women folk, mainly about whether their wives and lovers will wait for them.

A prison term imposes great strain on family ties, particularly if, as is so often the case, the crime in question was only the culmination of a long period of defiance and cruelty.

Often a wife at her wits end will co-

Florence L. Randall

operate with the law to get her husband imprisoned for safe keeping. She may fear that he will kill her and the children, or that she may be compelled to kill him to save herself. Ungovernable tempers, alcoholism or mental deterioration cause and contribute to such situations. Prison sentences and broken lives result, for a man then has two strikes against him, maritally speaking. Often it is too late when his reflective mood begins — and another marriage is dead.

Yet, a surprisingly small number of women capitalize their opportunities for getting rid of men who have let them down. Roman Catholics and a large proportion of Protestant women are enjoined against divorce by religious teachings and regulations. Furthermore, despite what seems to be a high divorce rate, we of the western culture deplore family decay. In the typical woman there seems to dwell a sense of loyal devotion toward her man which can be likened only to that of a faithful dog to his master. It defies rational analysis. Though her husband's imprisonment may have made her a public gazing stock, a case for the social worker, even imposing economic hardship upon her, the prisoner's wife does not always take another man. And when she doesn't it is more often her personal feelings that motivate her, not fear of what people will think. If she were guided by what other people think, she would find herself a new man right after court.

Everyone in the neighborhood remembers when Jim, an irresponsible lad, accompanied Jack to the marriage license bureau. When the clerk asked how old Sally was Jack said, "She's eighteen," and Jim said, "Yup, she's eighteen." She was only sixteen, and her father was vexed. Jim wound up after two years of legal stalling, his family financially distressed by trial expenses, with a perjury sentence on his back and a number on his chest.

While on bail he had married Kate, hoping to gain sympathy. But it didn't

work, and now there was a child on the way.

Kate, disowned by her strict, middle-class family when the story got out, found herself without home or income. She moved in with Jim's parents on their poor little farm, working as much as her pregnancy would allow. She hoed weeds in the field, cared for children, picked fruit and berries and did whatever she could turn her hand to. When the baby came, delivered by a country doctor and a "granny woman," Kate's first thought was how to get word to Jim. Jim would want to know. Jim had helped her bring a new life into the world and he was entitled to know!

At last Jim was out. Although a convicted liar, an ex-con for the rest of his life, he never went back to jail, because Kate helped him get back on his feet. But alas, not all women are Kates.

With alcoholism, dope addiction and psychopathy, women must be taken into account as a prime contributor to male delinquency. Just as boys play football, ride bucking horses and perform other dare-devil stunts to attract the admiration of girls — and girls love these Buck Rogers supermen — men will kill, steal, rob and commit various outrages as immature proof of their masculinity, although they may be still in the pimply stage before sprouting moustaches. This appeals to any fickle woman enough to impress her, but the entire female sex rather than any particular girl is what motivates the male to be tough. What disillusionment awaits him!

Then, there are the Helens of Troy and the Cleopatra types, spider women whose men are disappointing dupes. They toll the youth into their lairs to consume them. No man can trust them for they are out for fun while it lasts. They are the kind whose lips drip honey, but whose very breath is as lethal as that of the gas chamber. They demand that their men defy even the gods to prove their love for them. The

poor devil thus entrapped commits any crime to bestow rich gifts upon this type of bloodsucker. When he goes to prison, the firing squad, the chair, she finds fault with him for being so stupid as to get caught. Once in jail, he might as well forget her for such a woman is on the "make" where it counts and sees little reward in sitting and sucking her thumb, so to speak, while awaiting his return.

Perhaps one of the most formidable of all classes of women are the "Jezebels," the masterminds and organizers of men's crimes. They stay in the background, sending their men out to do their dirty work. They are merciless and unconscionable "Queens of the underworld." What they give in love they take away in loot. Their men are only their agents and if they are sent to prison or to the gallows, they are considered casualties of trade, always expendable. Such a woman thinks little of informing on her man to get him out of the way so that she can conveniently replace him with a more ambitious and successful criminal. Yet, even going to prison to escape her clutches is to be fortunate.

The "silly girl" is another type. She goes out for a lark, fascinated, enamored and obsessed by the dare-devil. She may want to escape parental discipline. She is the kind whose parents "never understood her." She thinks that if she can only have a man her worries and troubles will be over — or maybe she doesn't think at all. She licks a lollipop, an ice cream cone or a pickle, laughing and giggling. She delights in the small-bore, two-bit hoodlum who may steal her dad's car with her in it. And she splashes affection upon any little dandy with the brain of a doodlebug and the savagery of a gorilla who may find pleasure in her. She has an amazing capacity for sexual orgy without the eventuality of offspring. If caught in a tight spot she can always claim she was duped, doped, kidnapped or forced against her will.

Usually she grows into a masculine

monstrosity; a simple-minded neuter or a victim of maltreatment. She is anyone's dog who will hunt with her. But her passions for a man cool quickly once he is behind bars, or she herself is in danger. As the years pass, because she is irresponsible and careless, she is likely to become as flabby as putty and as inert as rancid butter. Why even a simple man would bemoan her forgetting him is difficult to understand. Her kind is a drug on the market.

Still another type, the apathetic but insatiable woman, is probably as great an enemy to her husband as any of the others are to theirs, though she would deny it vehemently. She is the respectable woman who cannot manage a household budget. To keep her kitchen well supplied is as impossible as it would be for Denmark to feed Red China. Her husband's income is always too small, so she has charge accounts wherever she can establish them. She buys on installments until her payments grow larger than the family income. Her mother encourages her to make her man buy everything she wants. Her children learn from her to be wasteful. It is natural in the household.

Her husband may be a cashier, a business manager for a commercial firm, or in some other capacity handle money and property that does not belong to him. He may be honest in intention but weak willed — just borrowing a little from the till when no one is looking. He juggles figures to cover up and feels justified because "his boss does not pay him enough." He will gamble and speculate to get even but he never does, somehow, and he lives a life of hell. For years he may get away with it till, unexpectedly, the bank examiner, postal inspector or auditor gets wise. If he cannot sneak into the stockroom to put a pistol to his temple in time, he goes to prison, with perhaps a score or more counts against him — because of a woman.

This man need not worry about anyone stealing his wife while he is in prison, for nobody wants her. Chances

are she is middle-aged and shop-worn already, a flaccid, colorless, withered vine, clinging to a dead tree. She may disappear from view to live in harmless futility until her man comes home, perhaps in a slender, black box, or on the cot of a tuberculosis patient. The community quickly forgets her, but how she subsists during the remainder of her life might be interesting if anyone took time to inquire.

Still, while every man in a felon's cell has probably often given his wife grounds for divorce, one can live a lifetime and not know a handful of women who have taken advantage of such legal rights. It is not too difficult for a woman to commit adultery if she wants a divorce. Often it is simply a matter of admitting openly to what has been going on in secret for a long time. The main question is usually whether a woman should pin the charges on her husband or accept them herself. Rightly or wrongly nearly three quarters of our divorce suits name husbands as the offenders. It would seem on the face of it that men are greater adulterers than women — if one did not pause to consider that it takes two to tango.

The male prisoner, as might be expected, has many traits in common with his free brothers. All real men like women, and vice versa. Consequently, a prisoner knows that, whatever his pretenses to the contrary, some other man will come by sooner or later and make a bid for his girl friend. The old saw, "All's fair in love or war," is uncomfortably true. But any sensible woman knows that if her husband has a chance of getting out she has a duty to wait for him, at least until she gets a better offer. Although she may not want to, she often has no other choice. The husband in prison, for his part, may find grim comfort in thinking that he is the only man his wife could get. This thought, of course, puts a low evaluation on her which reflects on him. But it is the nature of man that he

never feels flattered when another steals his woman.

The perfidy and infidelity of men and women toward women and men, directly or indirectly, make prisons a social necessity and at the same time a social sorrow. Women disport themselves unseemly to attract men, and men make fools of themselves, hoping to lure women into their harems. In the course of these antics jealousies arise and trouble brews. A man is killed or a woman is raped. A home is broken and public indignation mounts to white heat. Someone must suffer for the damage. Appeasement must be made so prison populations grow beyond capacity. If it were possible to take the sex factor wholly out of crime, prisons would have to put "To Let" signs on their gates.

The sex drive uncontrolled is a blinding force, but rationally directed it can be effective in keeping men out of prison. If the man who sits in his cell worrying about "What's my gal doing while I'm in prison?" had worried about "What'll happen to my gal if I get sent up?" he would be still with her.

It is an idle dream to think that we can ever reform all criminals and abolish all crime, or reclaim all delinquents and prodigals. Each man for his own benefit must take advantage of what society offers him. Florid oratory, frenzied indignation and sanctimonious appeals in the press are themselves as futile as the bellowing of a foghorn to the ship's helmsman who will not heed. Each man, in the final analysis, must take it upon himself to regulate and shape his own personal life. He must attend to his obligations and responsibilities to his wife, sweetheart, or the opposite sex in general as *he* sees it. And if he looks deeply enough he must see that being with the woman he loves, and not locked away from her in prison, *is* a responsibility. He must understand how it is with the woman who waits.

RESCUE

"It was this guy in the Don Jail who saved my life, actually," Old Bill was explaining to me in the yard last week when the weather turned nice for the customary winter thaw. We were passing the time during exercise period, walking together along the South Wall where the snow had melted, and making conversation. Bill's conversation is better than average so I make it a point to cut up jackpots with him occasionally and pick up on some of his grass-roots philosophy.

"There was this guy in the Don," he repeated, thoughtfully kicking a cinder to one side as we turned at the Southeast Tower and started back the other way. "He didn't mean to save me, but I wouldn't be here now if he hadn't. I'd have died that night by the Dutch route."

We lit cigarets and Old Bill continued:

"You see, I was stall-walking in the corridor that day, trying to figure whether it was better to slash my wrists with a piece of glass I had stashed away or hang myself with my belt. It wasn't much to choose between but I had to make up my mind because I was gonna make the move that night. I finally decided I'd better go both ways and be sure. And that's when this guy cut into me and started telling me his troubles. I tried to ignore him but he buttonholed me and I couldn't get away. Believe me when I tell you he had the whole world on his shoulders.

"He said a heartless magistrate gave him ten days without the option of a fine. Threw the book at him for a piddling, careless-driving charge, and him with a wife and three kids — a legitimate business man. Why, he paid taxes to support the magistrate and the cops and all the other public servants, he said. He'd been paying them for years. Every Christmas he personally gave the cop on the beat a ten-pound turkey as

a gesture of good will. Now this was the thanks he got for being civic-minded and public-spirited and all that malarkey — ten days on the word of a prejudiced policeman, he said.

"I tried to walk away from the guy but he just walked along with me and kept laying it on me. He said he didn't care for himself; it was his wife and kids he was worried about. It would be hard on them, he said. And his business would suffer without *him* out there to look after things. And he'd miss the bowling-league playoffs. He was going to write a good strong letter to his Member of Parliament when he go out. Maybe he'd sue somebody. He'd show them they couldn't treat *him* like this and get away with it. But of course it wasn't himself that mattered, he kept telling me. It was his wife and kids who would suffer, really. And his mother-in-law would harp on it for the rest of her life."

Old Bill kicked at the same cinder as we reached the tower again. I noticed how deliberately he did it, woodenly almost, like a man who doesn't trust his reflexes and is afraid of making a mistake. I could imagine him cutting his wrists and hanging himself with the same quiet deliberation. He has aged considerably during the past five years since he began serving the present sentence. His hair has thinned and grizzled, his eyes appear deeper in the sockets and his shoulders sag lower.

"Well, I don't like to cry about my troubles to strangers," Old Bill said. "But this guy got to me. I said, 'Look, Pal. I've been in these joints more than I've been out. I started when I was a kid and I guess I've done half my life in these joints. And day before yesterday they levelled me with the big one — the Habitual Criminal Act.'

"I told him how my wife, although she was a semi invalid and had the kids to look after, was driving herself into the grave worrying about me and trying to help somehow. How she pawned everything we owned and went into

hock to the finance company to raise lawyer money, and how my best friend beat her for it and skipped town. Then my lawyer didn't fight the case too hard; he just wanted to get it over with. And he had just sent me a message that any thought of appeal was out of the question. The whole thing kinda knocked the wind out of my sails because I never expected it. Lord knows I've been a habitual nuisance but I thought they reserved that Act for real bad guys and not for the likes of me. I explained to him what the Habitual Criminal Act is and how it works, and that he had just wasted half an hour telling his troubles to a dead man — although I don't think he knew what I meant by that last part.

"He stood gawking at me like I was a freak in a sideshow then, so I sneered at him and got sarcastic. I said, 'Maybe I can't bear to listen to your sad stories because I got enough grief of my own. Maybe, even my grief is bigger than yours.'

"He said, 'Yeah, but *you're guilty*.'

"That's when I grabbed him by the throat. The guy was twice as big as me and I'm not a violent man, but I wanted to tear his head off. I really tried too, and he gave me an awful thumping. He was a rough customer. I don't remember much but I know he put the boots to me after I was unconscious. He gave me the beating I wanted to give him. The turnkey had to come into the corridor to stop him and pull him off me. I was a mess."

"So when did you see him again, Bill?" I asked. "And how did he save your life?"

"I never did see him again," Old Bill said slowly, pausing to look absently up toward the near tower. "I don't know how to express it, unless maybe it's like how a punch in the mouth can cure a toothache. Maybe the hatred in me worked off some of the despair, but I do know that if he hadn't bothered me that afternoon I'd have done all my time that night."

four poems

WEEP ME NO TEARS

Weep me no tears
For they are wrought
Deep in the caverns of the soul
And soon evaporate
Upon the lids of hell.

Sing me no songs
For they are sung
In mockery from a twisted tongue,
Uncounted scores of bitter notes
Fill fevered throats.

Dream me no dreams
For they are not
The shapes of lost realities
But the tatters of old schemes
Dropped by dead days.

Strike me no lays
For heroes are
Asleep and cannot wake
To face the psychoanalyst —
They are too weak.

Sing me no songs,
Dream me no dreams,
Strike me no lays,
Weep me no tears.

EEC

TO HEATHER

Thank you for a moment of appeal —
Sweet interlude in the gray prison fare;
For something that I prize beyond compare:
The knowledge that our empathy was real.
How could my defences hope to last
When you brought soft awareness of the past?

T. C.

VIBRANT DESTINY

Vibrant Destiny, your grace
Holds a bold luxury.
Though you do not have a face—
I could mould every feature.
It would be calm, courageous,
Wise and free —
The melody of Time.

M. L.

I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember,
How Lefty, Moe and Dave
Would come with picks and shovels
And quietly we'd slave.
They sneaked them from the toolroom
And we dug beneath the floor;
We dug from nineteen fifty-six
Till nineteen sixty-four.
I remember, I remember,
The warden's angry call
To find out why the water
Came streaming down the hall.
He had me in his office
But I stood there staunch and brave
And blamed the whole escape attempt
On Lefty, Moe and Dave.

Tony Hunter

Last month Osgoode Hall Legal and Literary Society invited Telescope to exchange a guest article of its own choosing with Obiter Dicta, the Osgoode Hall Law School publication. Telescope accepted and is pleased to present Legal Aid In Ontario. The exchange, Products Of The Criminal Law, appears in the March issue of Obiter Dicta and will be reprinted on these pages next month.

The case of the fellow who has no money and finds himself charged with a criminal offence in Canada has always been a sad one. Often he feels he is at the mercy of the authorities and pleads guilty when he should not. Often he does not get the justice he should. Who can say how many prisoners would be free men today if they had had the aid of a good lawyer? Ontario has a legal Aid system but not everyone, even the lawyers, agrees that it is as good as it could be. Crawford R. Spencer offers his views on the subject.

Legal Aid in Ontario

C. R. Spencer

"No prisoner should be precluded by financial considerations from obtaining in the criminal courts all reasonable aid from counsel for safeguarding his reputation and liberty."

Is this statement merely an idealistic reflection on what should be, or has the essence of the quotation become an obtainable goal through the medium of legal aid? The purport of this dissertation is an attempt to show Ontario's endeavours toward the attainment of such a goal and at the same time, a comparison with the legal aid systems of other jurisdiction will indicate, it is suggested, the need for even more progressive advances within our province.

Prior to 1951 there was no statutory recognition of legal aid in Ontario; in

that year an amendment was passed to the Law Society Act and now is embodied in section 52 of that Act:

The Benchers may establish a plan to provide legal aid to persons in need thereof to be called the 'Ontario Legal Aid Plan' and for such purposes to make regulations as are deemed appropriate.

The regulations as drawn up by the Benchers, provide for a Provincial Director appointed by the Law Society, who has general supervision of the Plan, and county and local directors. In November of this year a new position, that of Director of Legal Aid, was established. The Director is Mr. Jack Weisdorf who has a permanent office and staff in City Hall.

A person is eligible for legal aid who has insufficient capital to pay for legal services and, if single, an annual income of less than \$1200, or if married, an annual income of less than \$1800 (plus \$200 for each dependent). A person not so qualified may still be eligible for legal aid where requiring him to pay legal fees would impair his ability to furnish the essentials of living for himself and family, or where a matter is urgent for the preservation of his legal rights. Where eligibility exists the case is assigned to one of a panel of volunteer lawyers who then conducts the case in regular fashion.

In practice, although not mentioned in the regulations, in the County of York, a list of volunteer counsel who take turns interviewing inmates of the Don Jail to determine their eligibility for legal aid, is kept in the Sheriff's Office.

The regulations emphasize that there is no legal aid available for criminal matters other than indictable offences punishable with imprisonment. In addition, legal aid is not available for appeals unless the Director feels that there has been a miscarriage of justice. Again in this connection, the practice is to keep, in the office of the Court of Appeal Registrar, a list of voluntary counsel who will undertake appeals.

..Mr. Spencer, originally from Montreal, graduated from the University of Toronto and is now in his third year at Osgoode Hall Law School. He has visited and talked with the inmates of the Don Jail, the Mercer Reformatory, Kingston, Collin's Bay and Joyceville. He has himself handled several Legal Aid cases and looks forward to a career in criminal law.

In no Legal Aid proceedings may any counsel accept any fee. Counsel is entitled to reasonable disbursements which are paid out of the Legal Aid Fund.

On the application of defense counsel the Crown Attorney will place defense witnesses on the Crown Witness sheet and such witnesses are summoned and paid witness fees as if they were Crown Witnesses.

As of 1956, the Attorney-General has agreed that counsel defending prisoners under the Legal Aid Plan are to receive at Government expense, a copy of the evidence taken at all preliminary hearings.

In England considerable statutory authority for dealing with indigent accused has existed since the turn of the century. A person who is charged with an indictable offense and has insufficient funds to defend himself may be granted a "defense certificate" and may have counsel assigned to him. A person in similar circumstance who appears before a court of summary jurisdiction may be granted a "legal aid certificate."

Following the Recommendations of the Rushcliffe Committee in 1945, the Legal Aid and Advice Act was passed in 1949. The Act simplified the existing machinery for legal aid and in addition, contained important provisions as the payment of counsel assigned to legal aid cases from a voluntary list. It also dealt with the administration of the Legal Aid scheme and provided that legal aid should be available in all courts.

The legal aid system in the United States varies from county to county, but the most common form, found in 80% of the counties, is the donation of services of volunteer counsel. Only 23 states compensate the assigned counsel in other than capital cases.

One might query whether it is fair to place the heavy burden of looking after the interests of poor accused upon the busy lawyer. On the other hand, it could well be argued that the lawyer, because of his position and training, has a special duty to see that legal aid is available. Surely no conscientious doctor would send a dying man away from his door simply because the man lacked the necessary funds. I would

suggest that the analogy of an accused man to a dying one is not so far-fetched and perhaps is a point that should be considered more often by lawyers.

THE DEFENDER SYSTEM

This is a system found in parts of the United States to avoid the problems arising in connection with volunteer legal aid scheme. In place of a panel of volunteer counsel there are "Public Defenders" who are state-appointed and state-paid. The theories advanced by the proponents of the defender system are, primarily that the indigent defendant is always assured of having counsel, and secondly that his counsel is well versed in criminal law. In addition, the defender lifts a heavy burden from the busy practitioner. Judge Augustus Hand expresses the desirability of such a system in these words:

"It is clear that when cases of poor persons needing defense become numerous and occur repeatedly, the voluntary and uncompensated services of counsel are not an adequate means of representation. To call on lawyers constantly for unpaid service is unfair to them, and any attempt to do so is almost bound to break down after a time."

The evidence would indicate that wherever defender systems have been instituted they have proven most successful. The following text of an address to the Toledo Bar Association clearly denotes one lawyer's opinion of the system:

"What a genuine relief to the busy lawyer to know that there is in his community a good law office, staffed with competent attorneys, maintained for the express purpose of serving indigent clients so that it is not a question of his finding the time to take them on or to leave them unserved."

This is certainly a frank, if somewhat callous view on the matter! I personally find this statement most depressing for there is still enough of the theorist in me to feel that this type of system

is not basically sound. Rather than be relieved that the state has taken over his responsibility, the lawyer should, I suggest, be ashamed that the state had found it necessary to intervene to such a degree.



The idea of a defender system is not entirely foreign to Canada. In 1926 it was considered by a Committee on Legal Aid who felt it would be too expensive and difficult to work and that there were "far too few cases to justify it." In 1953, a survey of magistrates in Canada (and it must be remembered that 92% of all indictable offenses are tried before magistrates) revealed that 90% of them believed some sort of organized legal aid was needed in their courts and most favored the state-appointed defender.

In discussing the matter with several lawyers well versed in the criminal law it was discovered that two views prevail. The opponents of the defender system feel that the accused's chances of acquittal are considerably dimmer when the battle is that of state against state. This is the stand taken by Henry Bull, Q.C., Assistant Crown Attorney and Patrick Hartt of the criminal law firm, Martin & Hartt. Mr. Bull finds it hard to believe that the Crown and Public Defender would be able to work

in close proximity without on occasion working hand in hand. In addition, Mr. Bull feels that the defender will not try too hard to win, as his business will not be prejudiced by his "batting average." Mr. Hartt feels there is a basic inconsistency in having the state try to convict and at the same time trying to acquit, and favors the retention of the present system.

Mr. Weisdorf, the new Director for York, takes a stand opposite to that of Mr. Bull and envisages a system composed of a Director and two or three defenders, which he feels will come to be; but not for another decade. Mr. Weisdorf points for support to the success of the defender system in the United States.

The arguments of Mr. Bull and Mr. Hartt are, to my mind, most appealing. One must not lose sight of the fact that the man accused of a crime is faced with all the resources the State can muster and therefore the accused needs every break he can get. If the only counsel available is state-appointed and state-paid, surely the accused is bound to feel the odds are against him. For example, I would suggest that the knowledge of the privileged communication that exists between a client and his counsel would not have such a reassuring effect on the accused when he knows counsel is an officer of the State.

To my mind the element of voluntariness is an all-important one. In the case of a wealthy client the lawyer is

free to accept or reject the case and if he accepts, he attacks the problem vigorously. The same theory should apply to legal aid. To encourage this, it is necessary that the volunteer counsel be paid fair remuneration for his work; but he will at all times be working for his client and not the State. The English system of paid volunteer counsel is a far better solution to the problem, I suggest, than is the defender system.

In summary, I would suggest it should be remembered that the need for legal aid is not the result of some sudden failure on the part of the law profession to offer their services to the poor. Rather, it arises from the gradual moulding of society into impersonal communities who too often are apathetic to the fate of the poor accused. Since the lawyer is in the best position to fight this apathy he should not hesitate to do so. I strongly urge that the best method of securing the rights of the indigent defendant is through the medium of personal contact, not through some state machine. Were volunteer counsel to be paid a reasonable amount for their time and effort the Ontario system would be the ultimate in securing the rights of the penniless accused.

"It is the duty — not merely of the legal profession, but of the public at large, to see that machinery is available to ensure the equal protection of the law for rich and poor alike. Justice is the business of everyone."

CENSUS

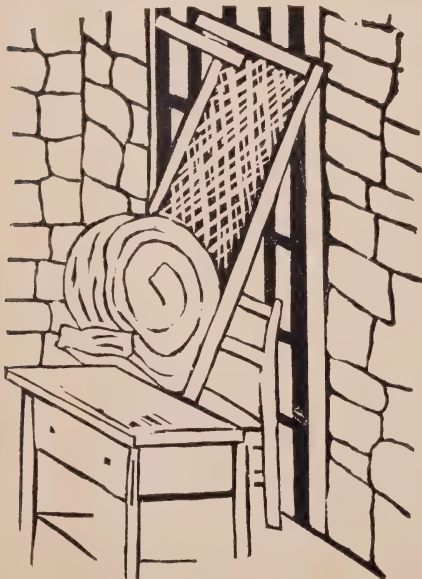
Received during month	59	Discharged during month	9
Transferred	82	Escaped	0
Died	0	At large	1
Total	989	Paroled	0

One peaceful evening not long ago I was lying back, listening to the melodic sounds of a local D.J. show, when suddenly I was shocked out of reverie by the resonant voice of an announcer:

In case of nuclear attack, stay as far away from concrete as possible.

I will concede that to the average person this statement shouldn't seem any more frightening than countless others that have been issued in the past few months on survival after an atomic blast. However, when one's abode happens to be a cell constructed entirely of concrete, it does take on a different shading. I immediately began thinking in terms of MY SURVIVAL. But not wanting to be an alarmist, I kept the newsy titbit to myself — and ten close pals.

Trying to be stout-hearted about the thing (and this is hard when your hand shakes so that you can't light a cigaret), I adopted the fatalist's attitude of *Que sera, sera*. But this state of mind lasted only ten minutes, and I decided to pack it in when I realized I had unconsciously barricaded my door with all the furniture in my cell.



SURVIVAL

of the

F I T T E S T

Jacquie Branton

Next, I decided forewarned is forearmed. I gathered up all the literature I could find regarding fallout shelters, radiation, strontium 90 — and my horoscope for the next year.

I ran across all manner of information in my search. Things like, "If you happen to be caught in the middle of a large meadow at the time of attack, the best thing to do is to flatten out as quickly as you can." This I discarded as not being too pertinent to my survival; the chances of me being in the middle of a large meadow at the time of attack are extremely slight.



I came upon a very helpful pamphlet entitled, "How To Stock Your Shelter." It suggested different canned goods, a water supply, and recreational gadgets. That posed quite a problem, for as I rummaged around, the only edible objects I could find to stock my survival kit with were several rather stale cookies, a jar of peanut butter, a tin of grapefruit juice and two bananas that I was rather dubious about. The water supply I decided to forego; I never touch the stuff.

That left me only with the worry of what to do with the time until it was safe to come out. My mind, of course, fell to books — books to entertain or, better yet, books with helpful knowledge. At the risk of sounding unpatriotic I do feel that the most important book to have in such a situation is a good English-Russian dictionary. I couldn't find one, but I scraped up some poster paint and paper with which I made a fine, big slogan: I WAS A POLITICAL PRISONER UNDER THE CAPITALISTIC WARMONGERS.

It was about this time that one of my comrades (okay, so it's a bad pun) asked if she could share my shelter when it happened. This brought to mind the great controversy that has been rag-

ing over whether it is morally right to defend your shelter, to the death if necessary, against others. Being a person with very strong moral beliefs, I smiled brightly and said, certainly, that anyone was welcome to share my happy little dug-out.

I then proceeded to mine the entrance.

The Tocsin Exercise (for that's what it turned out to be) did create a slight disturbance in my usually well-organized life. When the alarm went, the first thing that flashed into my mind was the statement I'd read somewhere: *Immediately break all windows and cover up to avoid fallout.* I had a ball for a short while, dashing about, smashing every window pane I could reach. Then someone very gently led me by the hand to a secluded spot and told me it wasn't for real. I felt a trifle cheated about the whole thing.



Now, in the light of new knowledge, I realize there is no cause for alarm and you must realize I've only been joshing about survival. Actually I have complete confidence in our nation's defense system.

And so, James, if you'll hand me my pith helmet, I'll retire to the cellar!

My Viewpoints

J. S. B.

An item in the Toronto Daily Star, datelined Washington, stated that Canada is about to merge with the United States. While I always felt that such a merger is inevitable I thought it might be interesting to check the opinions of the other inmates. To conduct such an inquiry called for a certain freedom of movement which eliminated yours truly immediately. My choice of interviewer was one of the barbers and whether or not this was a happy choice remains to be seen. For purposes of reference this may be called the Barber Poll.

Early in the morning the inquisition began. My barber anchored the first customer in the chair and firmly tied him down with the apron.

"What do you think of Canada becoming part of the United States," he asked.

"Look Bub," the customer snarled. "If I wanted conversation I'd join a debating society. Cut the hair already!"

Hmm — oh well, I suppose Gallup had his bad moments too.

The second customer proved to be a bit more chatty.

"Who, me?" he chirped. "I'm in favor of it. These Canadian winters are too darn cold.

"Aside from improving the climate, what do you think of the idea?" asked the man with the clippers.

"When we become part of the U.S." was the answer, "the Communist Party will be outlawed. I'm in favor of that. Also the Conservatives. They should be outlawed too," he sighed, "I'm a dreamer."

"Do you think it would make Canada more prosperous?" asked the barber.

Of course," the customer explained. "Americans aren't afraid to invest one dollar to make ten. Our unemployment problem would disappear in a couple of months. Just think of it," he chortled. "When I got out I could go to work for a living."

The next customer was harder to please.

"Take it easy with that sheet, you're choking me," he gurgled.

Our tonsorial artist was equal to the occasion, "Shirrup!" he snarled.

Oh well, maybe the next one will give with some conversation.

"Hi Mike, wanta trim?" the barber was his usual sunny self again.

"Tell me, Mike," he eased into the subject, "What do you think of the proposed merger of Canada and the USA?"

I'm a Canadian citizen," replied Mike. "But I was born in Poland. If I tell you my opinion I think maybe you don't like it."

"Go on," the barber joshed. "Everybody is entitled to an opinion. What's yours?"

Well, to start with I should mention that I have lived in several countries," he began. "In Poland I lived under Communists. In West Germany I lived and worked under a democracy. France, the same. In England, a monarchy, I also lived and worked. Now I am Canadian citizen. I have lived and worked in Canada. I have a bad temper so I am in prison. It could happen in any country."

"You ask me what I think of Canada joining the U.S. I will have to tell you it makes no difference. I, who have lived under many governments, tell you,

they are all the same.

"I will try to explain," he said.

"In Poland I worked as an electrician. After work I had dinner, a few beers and maybe a movie. After my bills were paid each week, I had little money in my pocket. In Germany, France, England and Canada it has always been the same. A change of government is important to politicians — not to people like you and me."

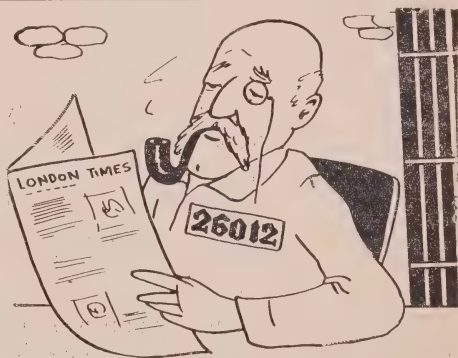
He didn't seem to know about the institution of free enterprise. Maybe the afternoon would produce an opinion worth recording.

The first customer of the P.M. slid into the chair and delivered a few terse instructions.

"Scissors on the sides, leave it long on top," he ordered.

"Who ya kiddin?" This barber is a master of repartee.

"What's your opinion of Canada joining up with the U.S.A. or don't you have one?" asked the barber.

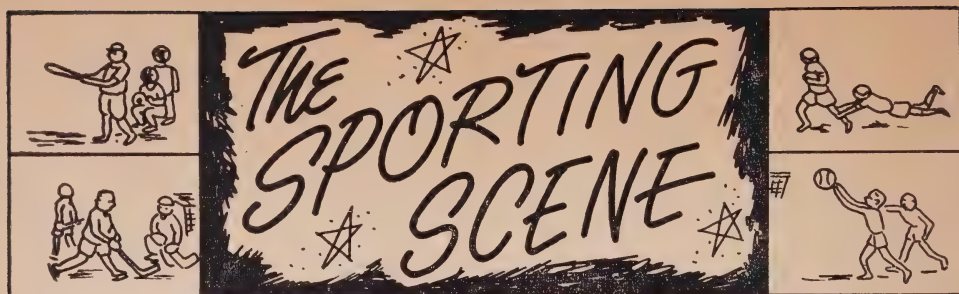


"You're durn tootin I've got an opinion," replied the victim. "It can't happen too soon for me. Higher wages, lower taxes, we'd pay a thousand dollars less for a car — everybody would have money. On top of all that it would improve conditions for me in my profession."

"Your profession!" shouted the barber. "What's your profession?"

"I'm a bank robber," was the reply.

O well, things are bad all over: I wonder if Mr. Diefenbaker has an opinion on the matter.



Lloyd Vandel

February 3rd was boxing day in K.P. and it was a real knock-out session. Promoter Tony Gardiner brought us nine furious fights and one ad-lib wrestling match. Arnold Montford, the ring announcer, introduced the officials of card. Trainers were Johnny Roy, Bobby Thibeault; Seconds, Lloyd Anderson, Johnny Roy, Bobby Titchner, George Gouthro; Time Keepers, Lou G. and the mysterious Mr. P.; Dressing Room Officials, Danny Warwyck, Midge Pallister, John Shaw; Rubdown Man, Albert Morday and Water Boy, John Dodge.

The referee for the first five bouts was ex-heavy king, Toughy Woods. The remaining four bouts were officiated over by Captain Jenkins from Army Headquarters, not to be confused with Mortar Monster on College Street. (Thanks a lot, Cap.) The judges were Tommy Nichols and Eddie MacDonald. The rounds were two minute efforts, and three knock-downs in one round resulted in the loss of the fight. The mandatory eight count was invoked in each case of a knock-down.

Welters 'Smiley' George and Billy Kerr fought each other to a bloody draw in a wild swinging affair.

Middleweights Larry Lonsberry and John Clark, both novices at the game, gave a good account of themselves. If Clark hadn't run into a straight right at the end of round one, the fight could have gone either way. As it was, Clark suffered a severe cut on the lip and Ref Woods awarded the fight to Lonsberry in the second on a T.K.O.

The first real 'wha happened' K.O. of the afternoon came at 1:38 of the first round when lighthheavy Chuck McCarthy dumped Wally Dumas with hard lefts and rights to the head. Dumas, down twice in 1:38 didn't have much time to show us what he has.

Welter 'Tige' McCullough gave us a dull 3 rounds in decisioning 'Tough' Crockett with the referee telling them repeatedly to mix it up. Crockett, filling in for a sick fighter, did a fine job. However, we know the 'Tiger' has some good fight in him and he didn't give it to us...maybe next time? The 'Tiger' certainly didn't live up to the ferocity his name implies.

Cyril Roussi ended Donnie Cuthbertson's hopes of winning his second fight in six attempts at 1:54 of the second round by a T.K.O. I've seen Donnie in action most of the six times and can say that he is usually up against a tough customer. Roussi, a strong weightlifter, bulled his way past Donnie's deft left hand and dropped him with a left and two rights to the head. Donnie weathered the storm in the first round, but in the second, while still on his feet, Ref Woods felt he couldn't properly defend himself and awarded the fight to Roussi.

Everyone enjoyed the tag-team wrestling match at intermission, which eventually saw all partic pants disqualified by referee Jack Baker. 'Farmer' Dartch and 'Big Jim Vancouver' Nobiss needed help and it wasn't coming from 'Pee Wee' Verdun or 'Mount Matterhorn' Corcoran, their opponents. The Ref, objecting to 'Pee Wee's' rope strangulation of 'Big Jim,' found himself the object of 'Pee Wee's' wrath. Dartch and Corcoran naturally got into the act. With bodies flying everywhere, referee Baker finally reached, or rather, landed in front of the timekeepers and declared everyone a loser, himself included.

Guest referee Captain Jenkins counted Maurice Phillion out at 0:38 of the second round as the result of middleweight Ted Hucker's bombing to the head and mid-section. Hucker had his man down three times in the first round and sensing that he was still on queer street, was perpetual motion in the second until he scored the outstanding upset of the day.



**Ted Hucker wins by knockout over Maurice Phillion. Seconds are:
Bobby Titchner, Geo. Gouthro, Johnny Roy and Lloyd Anderson**

Alex J. MacDonald split-decisioned Freddie Sweet in a determined bout. Freddie (6' 5") made it difficult for Alex (5' 10") to reach him. Freddie believed himself far enough ahead to stay away in the third round, but Alex plodded after him and got the nod. Both boys being heavyweights, we expected a T.K.O.

Middleweight Bobby 'Roastbeef' Thibeault, out-pointed Sports Commish Jack Baker in a three rounder. These fighters filled-in on very short notice for Lloyd Anderson and Bobby Titchner, when Bobby Titchner was injured in training. The first two rounds were slow, but in the third Thibeault seemed intent on a K.O. and came close to copping one when he cut loose with a murderous left

hook that drove Baker to the canvas. Baker, who has one of the nicest double hook combinations in his class, caught Thibeault and hurt him, but by this time all the fight was out of him and he couldn't follow up.



Bobby Thibeault wins decision over Jack Baker.

'Fight Of The Day' went to a four rounder in the middleweight class which saw Jackie 'Pearl Harbour' Richards in an expert exhibition of pugilism, deftly out-box Normie 'Punchie' Morrison. Jackie, a former K.P. featherweight champ, displayed the versatility and confidence of the pro he once was. 'Punchie,' who has been around the ring for some time himself, gave a commendable performance in the first round, but in the second, while attempting to shift his stance, he went to one knee from a sizzling left hook and sneak right hand. 'Punchie' gave no time for a count because, though he went down fast, he got up faster and every time he tried to change his stance he was caught with a left or right hook. It took two fighters to make this *The Fight* and if 'Punchie' had used the uppercut in the first rounds that he used in the last, the fight would have been closer.

In March we're having another card. The most serious complaint of the fighters is that they must train without a ring until one week before the fights, and then they will find the ropes a little strange. This situation could be corrected. It took forty minutes to dismantle the ring so that the gym would be free for other sports. Assuming that it takes ten times that long to put it up, less than a day is needed. A Sports Construction gang could be formed a fight times and its workers could come from the, at least, thirty-per-cent surplus man power in here.



Jack Richards wins over Norm Morrison in 'Fight of the Day.'

An exciting All Star game brought to a close the floor-hockey season. Anderson's Gold All Stars: Robinson, Lonsberry, Lundrigun, Nearing, Challette, Goulet, Clark, Doyle, Hill and the 'Tiger' came from behind in the first period to down Simser's Blues 5 to 4. Though slightly favored, the Blues: Simser, Laporte, Cronier, Mayes, Morrison, Cooper, that mysterious Mr. P. again, Phillion, Campbell, Gee, Booth and Dodge never seemed to recover from the heavy body-checking in the first period. This was the best game all season and it was enjoyed by players and spectators alike.

It's customary for the league champions in any sport to be treated to a chicken banquet. B and E blocks were in an undisputable first place position at the season's end. How about that fowl (foul)?

The basketball league is on its way and though it is a little early to judge, there doesn't appear to be much skill on the floor. We have committed ourselves for three games with outside teams and the only way, in my opinion, that we could win is by default. Like say, if they weren't permitted to enter the North Gate. Maybe the players will give me something to write about next month?

SPORTS BRIEFS

The Saints needn't worry about a third baseman for the coming season, or the season after that — DaveyCrockett is back. Down to the minors with J. Gardiner. At 180 pounds...G. Sullivan deadlifts over 600 lbs...Six ft. five in. Freddie sweet has 166 basketball points — twice as many as his nearest rival... B. Titchner lost only one fight in over thirty, with no draws.

Getting Around with Lou



OVERHEARD QUOTE OF THE MONTH: Concerning the John Bigelow upcoming birthday. "He's only 30 now but by the time he finishes this 25er he'll be as old as Buddy Johnston" — The Senator, that is...Vibe virtuoso Peter Appleyard and friends wowed our town Jan. 27. Jazz fanaticz Nick Rusnak, Don Antone, Joe Pro, Bill Rows, Bud Henry, all agog; Champ Champagne, Clay Christensen, too. Big Bad John' Dodge, Herb Burke, both mad I got (Thanx to Bass) the Denyse Ange autograff, they didn't. Ho, Ho...Enjoyed fights Feb. 3 mostly because of 525 day interval between cards. Much inexperience but all willing mixers...Ted Hucker k.o. of Moe Phillion, most spectacular; Jackie Richards - Punchy Morrison tilt, best overall crowdpleaser — and Big Al MacDonald, Cyril Roussi, Chuck 'Hurricane' McCarthy, impressed...Louie Pernokis quipped: "The Tiger's purse is held up." Other comments heard: "Freddy Sweet ran out of gas; Terry Crockett got robbed; George-Kerr draw, a dandy; Bobby Thibeault looked kinda slow"...Tony Gardiner put on good bouts, everything considered and promises better Mar. 25...Our own Toughy Woods and outsider, Army Captain Jenkins (Thanks for coming), both refereed in fine fashion...Lotta laffs from wrestling wreckers, Big Ben Corcoran, Paul Verdun vs Jim Nobiss, Harvey Dartch, during intermission.

Went to the dogs, Feb. 4: 101 Dalmations (Bow Wow!!) Shh: Tony Hunter saw it 5 times, outside (Canine complex)...That movie Time Limit got here about an hour behind schedule...I never stopped sweating through The Long Hot Summer...Flu bug hit 300 of k.p.'s finest during past month, 40 on other side...Quarry boys thanks to the Mrs. on King St. (She's their Doll)...Confirmed: Committee to consist of 5. Election date still uncertain; reports from preesinks indicate any B.J. group will triumph...Ralph Lundrigan, Don Antone, not running...Al Paton should leave his Playboy calendar at Jan., all year...No, Ern, U.S. Bonds is a singer...You know, Gibby, Chubby Checker — like in Fats Domino...Luck B. Jr. quips: "Shoot low, they're riding Shetlands" — Must be Jungle Jim Foley and his Irish Inlanders on the 17th...Uncle Phil Goldberg just bought new l.p. Sing Along In Yiddish.

A Dorm atoms: And special congrats to Jack Stockman on being named Leader of The Band. A better choice here there isn't...Scotty Corcoran, Leo Leshley, Jerry Slaughter, Tom Cunningham, quartetteing, on trumpet, piano, drums, bass. Paul Bridges is actually regular on latter. Sound real right to these ears...Sam Bot quit tenor sax...Al Murphy, Joe Prokopski, Jimmy Richards, Jack 'The Designer' Butler, other music addicts...Ernie Dupuis got bounced from dorm (Hopes to get back)...Across the hall in G: Heard about their Pullmans Row? Thus: Lumpy Lehtonen, Art Seth, Davey Price, V. 'Bell Telephone' E. and Midge Pallister. One of em's always in the flop!...Triple overtime scoreless tie in basketball? Ask Norm Hanlon...Quote from Big Abe: "That kid can't decide whether he wants to be Al Capone or Gigi."

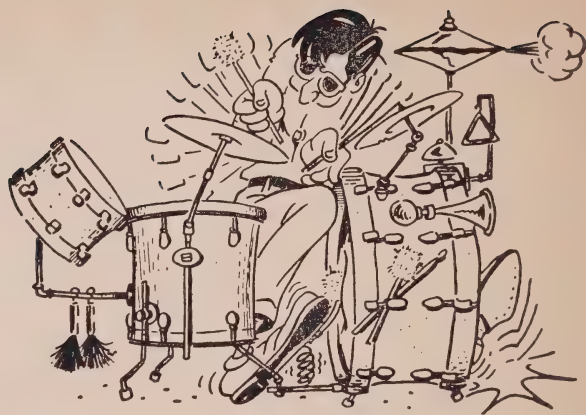
Tony Hunter, new Arthur Miller of K.P.! His 3 part play 'Tears for a Tramp' called by no less a critic than Stewy Anderson, "very good". He's also a poet, artist, singer(?). Much talent...Hogenson, Vandal, Stokes, Lundrigan, Shatford, Burns, lobbying...Garage Flash! Raymond Gauthier is *nothing* without Don Davies...Ron Guthrie, Bill Thurston, new m.b. flagmakers...Roy 'Mr. Vancouver' Penner, pettippingointing (Just started)...Jim Stokes calls Jim Charlton a fatalist (Loose langwidge)...Herb Handy, Chuck Gray, Red McKillop, m.b.ing: Redhead switched to Colonel Riley's masons...Shotgun Reese, mailbags, togetherness...Papers Bryce giving me that Jehovah jazz (I'll think it over)...Good to see Stan Jones, Murray Palmer, Gerry Goy et al around again...At the show: 15th row, left side (Under lites!) all Windsors, in order: Joe Gardiner, Joe Kikola, Norm Holden, Alec O'Niel, Doug Binks, Ray Burns, By Miller, Harold Larsh...Little Fred Fredericks will join Ivory Tower club after he finds a ladder...Punchy's end was a can of sardines (*Whaddaya gonna do!*)...John Larkin, Don Dawson, Bill Rope, reminissing epod days...Item: Fred Segriff, Tom Thompson, Paul Mueller, deny radio-paper accounts of farm story...Dedication, to a very special Mary from her always loving John: Preview Of Paradise!...Faith can move mountains.

Names, other handles: Phil Simser, 'The Big Bopper'; John Cox, 'The Lightning Lash'; Pat Gaddy, 'The Panther'; Grant Morgan, 'The Frame'; Roy Talbutt, 'Old Stove'; Red McKillop, 'Young Stove', latter two draw a lotta heat. Ha, ha...Scoop: Nick Y. Romano sprained a hip doing The Twist (Chance dance)...Keith March, shorttime blues...John Binnie: 20 lbs. underweight? — Mike Mazurko musta gained 50...Willie Jackson, Bruce Walkinshaw, Willie McNiven, xcavashunning...Heyheyed Ed's return, live, Miami Beach, Feb. 18; George Kirby great: Mike Berthiaume, Gabby Galibous, liked show too...Tom Woods, back from San, best to Claire...Lloyd Vandal h.b.s Kathy, Mar. 15...Regards: Bill Johnstone to Joe Radeluck (Salient Snib!); Bob McAvoy to Gary Beyers; Ron McCann to Gerry Grabina (Lewisburg, Penna.); Baldy Hepburn to Buddy Ramsdale, Manny Roberts, Little Joe; Ted Ramsay to H t H, Alec, Harry A; Gerry Shatford to Fred, Alec, Harry, Sonny, John Cismus; Pete Bielby to John Clark, Larry Lonsberry; Lefty Bedard to Red Parnall, Buzz Englehart, Ricky; Rick Dodge to Vern Levy (Got 5); Carl Miller, Chuck Gray, George Burton, John Fox, Ralph Cochrane, to Alex Wilson...My belated to Dave Fenton, Ken Moore (Coast); A 'Yogi Bear' W, Harry, Al 'Mr. Violin' Vidlin (P.A.); Joe Houle, Steve B. (Stoney); All B 'n J Cats, P.R. Kittens...I'd mail my girl a birthday card but Joe won't send the address.

Welcome: J.J. Smith, Donnie Geauvreau, Bill Dinwoody, Jack Parks, Dinty Moore, Omar Benoit; Buzz 'Mr. Twist' Dickson back from a.w.l. — John Masse, Roger Sevard, greeting Roger Halley, Jacques Levasseur, from Dorchester...Good Luck: Marcel Timm, Dave Bradd, Joe Gillan, Great Yogi, all Mar-Apr dis guys; to Larry O'Hara (B), John Piro (J)...Sudden Thot: I don't see why I can't go too...Stan Edwards, Billy Partridge, Freddy Laporte and Bobby Cross, bat balling...Gerry Williams teaching B.C. upholstery biz...G.G.G., heavy on Chinese food (Rotsa ruck)...Gotta figger how to get Billy Enever and Cindy back together...G.L.: Al Melanson, Al Gunn, John La-chapelle, went east; Don Kelly, Marcel Aveline, west...Bobby Titchner you-knowwhat to Sal, Little One. Titch went psycho, orderly that is; sends belated thanks for Pathfinder...Teebo, *ex-mailman*, on Ghosty's quarry...Frantic Fitz, Raffles Rope, Lookout Lou, worried about Young Shep outside, and Trigger...London mob, Midge, Dave Wyse, Lou, regards to R.T....It figures: Mad mag celebrates 10th ann., April Fools Day...Teen townner asked: "What are you, out of your skull?"...Hey Wrinkles!...Belated g.l.: Sadie B...To the moon.

The Rhythm Room

Dennis Barrington



I have seen Peter Appleyard in many places and each time I watched him capture the attention of everyone within hearing range. But never has he won an audience so completely as he did the inmates of this penitentiary. His every number was played to a quiet and attentive crowd. The spontaneity that greeted his efforts bewildered even him. To try and describe the pleasure and gratitude of the inmates at having Peter here would be to understate it. Let it suffice that I say the consensus is "too much man, too much."

Peter has an amazing way with the vibes and the piano, although he didn't play the piano to any great extent here, and has built up quite a following in the night club circuit in Canada and the US. He quickly catches the attention of an audience with his easy style and pleasant personality and holds them until the end of the set.

Peter told us that he was basically a jazz musician, but does go commercial on occasion to please a particular crowd. His *Never On Sunday* was a big hit with the guys here as was his *How High The Moon*. His consistent good humor won

him the title of *Extrovert of the Vibes*. (It should be said that it was the inmates here who bestowed that dubious handle on him.) His vocal arrangement of *Making Whoopee* reached everyone and more of the same would have been appreciated.

As an example of his humor, at one point he played *How High The Moon* and hid a number of well known songs in the structure. The object was that we count the tunes we recognized and at the end of the number, venture a guess as to how many there were. The correct guess, Peter assured, would win a prize. After the number was over Nick Rusnak leaped to his feet and hollered "thirty-one."

"Right," answered Peter. "Now if you can make it to Cape Canaveral I'll arrange an all expences paid trip for you."

When Miss Denise Onge stepped out on the stage, the audible intake of breath was likened to a huge sump-pump. She was beautiful and she, much to everyone's surprise, sang too. She sang both in French and in English with equal feeling. Her original intention was to sing three numbers, but the ovation was so great that she sang six. When she fin-

ally left the stage, a couple of real tears were detectable in her large, dark eyes.

Miss Onge's accompanist was Joe Dule. Joe, this man had the craziest van dyke, also played a couple of numbers with Peter's group and proved himself to be a fine soloist.

With Peter's group was Charlie Rollo on the piano, Richard Marcus on bass and Leonard Boyd on drums. Charlie Rollo is from Hamilton, attesting to the fact that good musicians do come from Canada. Richard Marcus, considered by some to be one of the best bassists in the country, is from Toronto. Leonard Boyd was the only import, being from Washington, and his drumming was of a driving variety. Possibly another Thigpin is on his way. The only complaint with this group was that the amp situation was poor and some of the guys at the back of the auditorium couldn't catch the solo riffs.

With Peter's entourage was a young woman of comely appearance. Miss Joanne Gent. It is rumored that Joanne will soon be Mrs. Appleyard; congrats. Also with Peter was Captain Mcphee, who they tell me was responsible for the show. To Captain McPhee a sincere thank-you from the inmates of Kingston Penitentiary.

In parting, Peter said that he might be coming our way again in the spring. We certainly hope so. Summing up the afternoon, it was the most enjoyable ever. Peter Appleyard gets our vote for top entertainer and it is hoped that his future is filled with the success a man who makes people happy deserves.

For the beautiful Miss Onge: It would be to our liking if you did a repeat on the really big show. For Charlie Rollo, Richard Marcus and Leonard Boyd: Keep swinging.

Till next month — "Tally Ho".



Miss Onge captivates lonely K.P. audience.

Letters to the Editors

Gentlemen:

I have just finished reading the January issue of TELESCOPE and found it as usual, quite entertaining. I must, however, take exception to angry Canadian J.S.B., the author of "Viewpoints".

Where does that chap think Canada got her language in the first place!

Yours truly,

H. Winston Mugridge

Dear Sirs:

Having received the last three copies of your magazine I thought I would take the time to write and say how surprised I was to find out that it is a real magazine. I mean I had had the idea that it was one of those mimeographed sheets they have in the various factories and containing only local gossip and so on. But your magazine is quite good I think. The articles are interesting and the columns amusing.

I especially like the poetry and the editorials. Keep up the good work.

Alex West,
Toronto Ont.

To The *Telescopes*

Hope is a small word but I'd say it is used quite frequently. Most people are hoping for some sort of good fortune, either in the form of health or happiness, and often something more tangible: money.

Who can know what trouble and hardships come through not having this wonderful article? I wonder more about what comes with trying to obtain it. I'm told a lot of headaches come with riches. Thank you, but I think I would rather have them than the ones I get from not having any.

One thing I have learned for myself is the fact that the best way to get money is certainly not by stealing it. Having used a sizeable amount of paper, not to mention having worn out two pencils, I have discovered that, for my crime, I have earned approximately 34 cents a day. That's not much.

Having realized this, I decided to make some use of this time. I'm throwing myself into a few courses. I've been wondering though, having been here only a short while, if I will be able to survive the influences of more hardened souls. This is my first internment. But my arrest and conviction came by my own hands. I couldn't see running.

What worries me most is a young lady. I'm hoping someday to marry her. The obstacles are many. And what will be my frame of mind upon release from here? Just as important, what will hers be?

Many inmates probably have similar problems. And, although we have been judged by society, we have still to judge ourselves. Hope in itself will mean little unless we work and persevere.

G. P. D.

Sirs:

While this letter is not in reference to any specific issue, I feel that your paper in the last few months has been of more general interest than at any period in the past.

Your selection of topics has been good, most important, I notice your writers have selected the style of words and grammar that the majority of readers enjoy reading. Too often a narrative can lose interest and effect simply because of an indiscreet selection of words that actually should remain in a dictionary.

I remain,
(name withheld)

The Editors:

Why is it that one constantly sees the subject of religion appearing as a springboard in every type of controversy from politics to prisons? People in authority should never depend upon religion as a yardstick to determine a person's sincerity in regard to reformation or anything else. Such method is often misleading and sometimes tragic.

Who is to say what the 'True' and universal religion should be? For that matter — what is a Christian; anyhow? I once asked a minister, in the light of the proposition that we are all equal in the sight of God, why it was that his church excluded women from the ministry. His answer was that, had the Maker intended it so, women could be masters.

Legions of men have died for religion through the ages. It has been with us a long time and will doubtless be with us for a long time to come. Many people find great comfort in their religion. It is truly a cornerstone of civilization. But it should never be used to measure anyone.

Sincerely,
Wm. Whittit
(8429)

Gentlemen:

I was glad to see the Religion in Prison article in January's *Telescope* for there can be no rehabilitation without belief in God. Even if there were no real God we would have to invent one because Man cannot live by bread alone. Still, it is hard to accept our modern, organized religion that preaches the Word but lives by Mammon. True religion is an individual thing. He speaks to each of us individually and we will answer someday as individuals according to our knowledge and opportunity.

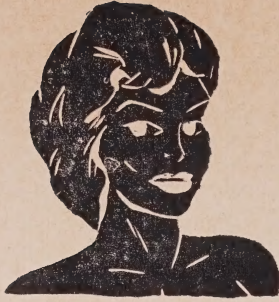
My opinion is that crime has increased a great deal. It is considered respectable in high places but cannot be tolerated in the lower class, in the needy, the ignorant, the outcasts. They must be well punished as a deterrent to others; but crime can and must be overlooked in the influential groups because we say we are human and prone to mistakes.

"But he who did not know and did what deserved a beating shall receive a light beating. Everyone to whom much is given, of him will much be required; and of him to whom men commit much they will demand the more."

These are fine quotes in principle but they have become almost reversed in practice. Those of influence are excused these days while those of little knowledge are condemned.

When the way you wear your hair and what sort of jacket you have on and the number of times you have been in trouble cause years to be added to your sentence, I wonder where Justice is? If a lad were helped properly the first time he got into trouble there would be no second time. More often than not it should be Society on trial and not the so-called culprit. What is needed is true Christianity and a departure from the double standards.

Sincerely,
Mrs. M. Sills
Port Arthur.



Tedy Fryer



FEMININE SPORTS & Entertainment COMMITTEE ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION: Results of the recent election find excellent and capable representation in this House of Frills. Slightly different procedures were formulated for the combination of Welfare and Sports Committees. Members' tenure, however, has been cut to six months which will lessen the burden generally carried.

BY POPULAR CHOICE, members are Jacquie B, Del H, Elsie P, with one more person to be added soon. A notable quote from one of the new members:

"Welfare I'm familiar with, but I don't know any sports."

Initial effort of these kids was the Valentine's party and dance. Attendance was small but those who came enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Dance contests were held — no Twist Marathon, but participants were well pooped after several spins of the Peppermint. However they lasted long enough to suit prison psychologist, Mr. Eveson, and Dennis Muncey, member of Faculty Players, who were judges. They declared Jacquie and Bev W the winners.

There was also a Jive Contest, won by Anna-Mae and Patsy K. Prizes for Slow Dancing (this was once known as the Waltz!) went to Christine and this writer. Methinks the scheduled Charleston Contest was sabotaged. No one will cop out to swinging with the discs, but it has been rumored that one

of the 'youngsters' went south with them. Cokes and potato chips were served to round out a terrific evening of hilarious fun.

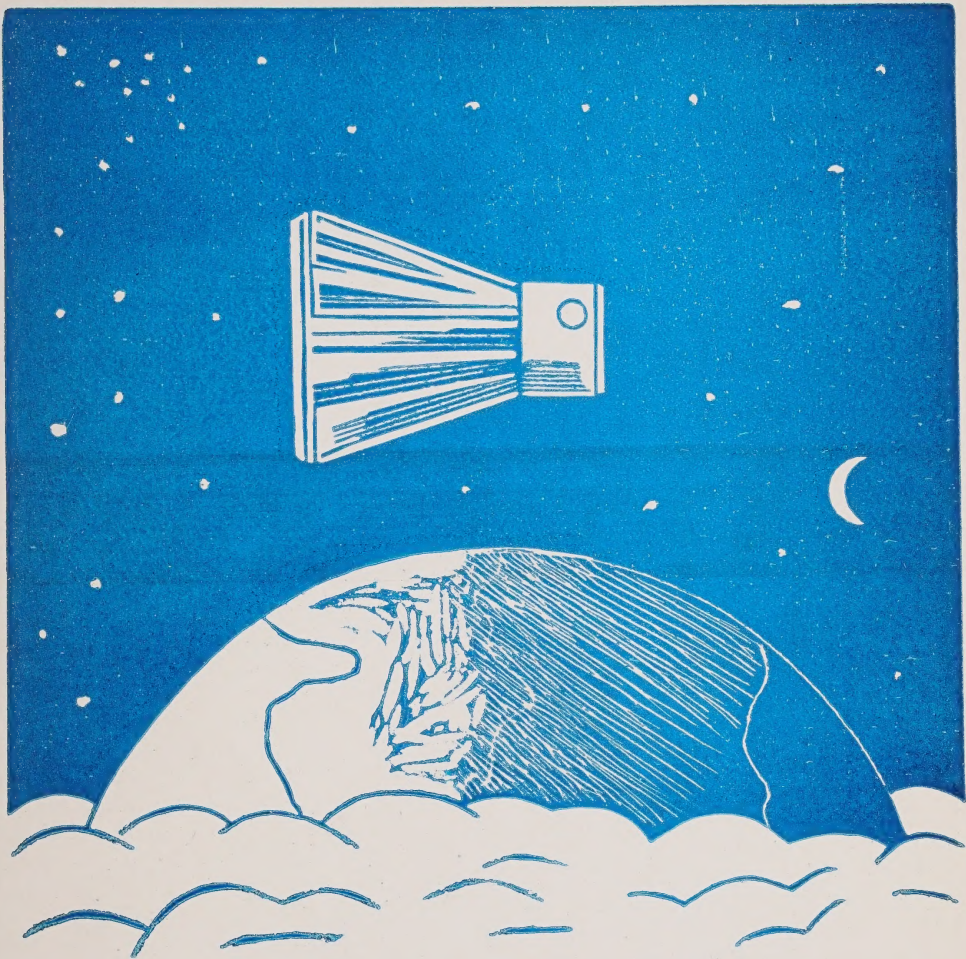
As the sun sank slowly in the West so did our basketball team. Sad to say, but all that was seen at the last practice was one lone enthusiast tearing up and down the court, shooting baskets. Competition for Meadowlark, minus the height.

While the sports activities are at a standstill, due to winter lethargy, I've just receive da field report that the proposed site for the skating rink will be used for polo come the thaw. Methinks it is just a nasty rumor. Reason — no horses!

Bouquets to E. Fry member, Mrs. E. Humphries who works at Queen's University Library and makes it possible for the bibliophiles here to read the books of their choice. The different interests of many readers are filled to satisfaction each week. Thank you, Mrs. Humphries.

The Drama Group are currently wrapped up in rehearsals for Club Performance. The play is, *White Sheep In The Family*, and is best described as a felonious comedy by L. du Garde Peach and Ian Hay. We look forward to its presentation early in March.

The sports minded in the population are awaiting the arrival of our new Recreational Director. Perhaps this, together with our new Committee, is the boost our sports scene needs.



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